

## Regions Of May

### Pearls Before Swine

The past  
Is broken like an hourglass  
And the scattered sand  
Of circumstance  
Is blinding  
Me to you

The rain  
Is whispering to my window pane  
And drawing  
Crazy patterns  
On the blind

Your face  
Is invading the portals of my eyes  
And drawing  
Crazy patterns  
On my mind

Who created mist  
Created your smile  
And who created rainbows  
Created you

My mind  
Is all entwined  
In fragrant fields of flowers  
And the scent  
Puts me outside my mind

The past  
The rain  
Your face, mist and rainbows  
Flowers  
And the rain  
Are you